



Whiles cold disdain, upon them
sets a lock To bar forth Pity,
which kind hearts desire.
Whiles the distressed make
prayers to a rock ! If that thine
eyes send out a sunny smile
From underneath a cloudy frown
of hate !

Plain love with counterfeasance,
to beguile; Which, at thy
windows, for some grace await'
If thou, thine ears can open to
thy praise, And them, with that
report delighted, cherish. And
shut them, when the Passionate
assays

To plead for pity, then about to
perish ! If thou canst cherish
graces in thy cheek, For men to
wonder at, which thee behold !
And they find furies, when thine
heart they seek, And yet prove
such as are extremely cold !
Now as I find no thought to

ELEGY XIX.



'EAR Sorrow! Give me leave to breathe
a while!

A little leave, to take a longer breath !
Whose easy passage, still, thou dost
beguile,
Choked up with sighs, proclaimers of my
death.